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A

FEW POEMS,

BY

C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, DORCHESTER DISTRICT, BOSTON, MASS.

1880.

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BIBLIOTHECA SOLIANA

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A FEW POEMS.

TO REV. DR. ELIAS NASON.*

"Let your light shine!"

O LET your light shine, all clear and all bright,
  Fear not to speak what you know to be right;
Hide not the thoughts that God puts in your heart,
  And ever be glad thy strength to impart.

O let your light shine, for needy ones wait!
  Your words always come in right royal state!
Bring now with much love your gifts of great power,
  Thus make all holy each day and each hour.

O let your light shine, do all that you may
  To help those in darkness find the true way!
Then out of heaven a grand blessing will come,
  A voice will be heard—oh hear it—"Well done!"

O let your light shine, let all people see
  That you and your Lord do always agree!
He gives the light and he wants it to shine,
  And his will is right, and he is divine!

---

* I love to read all that Dr. NASON writes, and I look upon him as a public benefactor. — C. D. B.

GEORGE H. GAY, M.D.

Ob. Aug 12, 1878.

Quickly he passed away from sight
  And left us all in grief,
And at the darkest hour of night
  His spirit found relief!

So hard and sad and sharp the blow,
  We hardly think it true;
And with our hearts all filled with woe
  We feel rebellious too!

But God knows best, his ways are just;
  We utter not a word!
We cling to him with perfect trust,
  Our Maker and our Lord!

Farewell, beloved, a long farewell;
  We'll miss you day by day,
And God alone our grief can tell,
  And he its pain will stay!

Safe now you are with dear ones gone!
  What greetings you have found!
And, in the higher life new born,
  United anthems sound!

We'll meet again, all free from care,
  Where sickness is unknown;
We'll join again in praise and prayer
  Around the Father's throne!

[For the King and Queen of Italy, H. R M. Humbert and H. R M. Marguerita.*]

GUIDO RENI.†

1575—1879.

Amongst the painters famous in the past
Whose names shall live as long as time shall last,
Guido grandly stands in artistic power;
Grateful thanks for ages have been his dower!
And to Bologna has he always given
A mighty splendor, by the grace of heaven!

In fifteen seventy-five it is told,
And in the "Book of Fate" it is enrolled
That on Italy's blessed shores a child
Should come from God, in glory undefiled,
Should have a chance to rise to favors great,
And reach, if life were pure, a royal state!

Guido Reni we humbly wish to praise,
And to his genius thankful tributes raise!
He left Bologna young, and went to Rome,
And with great paintings felt himself at home;
Caravaggio's works he pondered well,
And was quite familiar with Raphael.

Pope Paul the Fifth at first allowed his skill,
And gave him a large order to fulfil!

---

* Special thanks were sent for this poem from the royal palace at Rome, in the names of the King and Queen of Italy.

† GUIDO RENI was born in Bologna, Italy, in 1575, and died in 1642.

This splendid notice made him widely known,
And to his early years sent great renown!
So all were ready their applause to give;
His name was destined a long while to live!

But in deep poverty at last he died;
And yet the power of death he had defied!
Though, in 1642, his body went from sight,
Look, in 1879, we feel his burning light!
Artists and scholars gladly speak his name, —
His mighty genius still sends forth a flame?

GOD KNOWS BEST.

My God knows best! through all my days
  This is my comfort and my rest,
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,
  That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best! That is my chart;
  This thought to me is always blest;
It hallows and it soothes my heart,
  For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best! then tears may fall;
  In his great heart I'll find my nest;
For he, my God, is over all,
  And he is love, and he knows best.

WHITSUNDAY.

The Holy Ghost, with mighty power,
In shape of fire, a gracious dower,
Came down from heaven!
Believers, in a chosen place,
Were waiting for this promised grace,
So quickly given!

On Pentecostal day, there came
This mysterious, blessed flame
Of light and love!
It rested on each weary heart,
And did a secret strength impart,
From God above!

Many tongues at once were spoken,
Unto all the word was broken,
The word of peace!
Three thousand people turned to God,
And looked to Jesus as their Lord;
All doubt did cease!

Lord, evermore this gracious fire
Send down from heaven, and us inspire
With wondrous light!
The darkness of our souls dismiss,
And fill us all with sacred bliss;
Anoint our sight!

PALLADIO.*

Written for the dedication of Palladio Hall, Boston Highlands, Feb. 14, 1879.

Three hundred and sixty-one years ago,
Away off in the blessèd Southern clime
Where gentle Italian winds do blow,
There came to earth, in God's own time,
That famous man, Palladio!

Vicenza, they say, was his native place,
And as sculptor, at first, he tried his hand;
But soon, by Trissino's all winning grace,
And by his sweet and strong command,
He had to run another race!

As architect, he quickly gained a fame,
That stirred, uplifted, charmed the hearts of all,
And when Paul the Third, of Rome, heard his name,
Out from the Pope there came a call
That summoned him with loud acclaim!

Awhile, in print, he gladly spread abroad
Volumes that to this day demand applause,
And all his thoughts, we know, were strong and broad;
Brave he stood for the Artist's cause,
And ever took the royal road!

In 1580, this great genius passed away,
And sadly left his noblest work undone;

---

* ANDREA PALLADIO was born in Vicenza in 1518, and died there in August, 1580.

Yet, we know, he's alive with us to-day;
  He stands an honored, cherished one,
A light to guide us on our way!

This hall to-night bespeaks his name with praise,—
  This happy company now gathered here
Their cordial witness in true love upraise,
  And give to him their joyous cheer!
Will honor him in coming days!

And the one by whose will we meet this night,
  Who comes here from this same artistic clan,
Will ever lift to our approving sight
  Palladio, the leading man;
Will honor him, and think it right!

And so we dedicate this new-built hall
  As Palladio's home, a place of cheer,
And our kind host now asks us, one and all,
  To keep that spirit ever near,
And let that power upon us fall!

MARRIAGE HYMN.

Two, O Lord, at thine altar wait,
    A blessing to receive;
Humbly they would unite their fate,
    If thou wilt give them leave.

Their hands they join, their hearts they blend,
    One journey now they take;
They pray their love may have no end,
    They ask it for Christ's sake.

ONLY TWO OF US LEFT.

Thoughts suggested on Sunday evening, June 20, 1875.

There are but two of us here,
  The rest have gone away;
They have gone unto that sphere
  Where night is turned to day!

There are but two of us left,
  For six have passed to God!
We are orphans and bereft,
  And both have felt the rod.

Only two! how strange we feel!
  No father, mother dear!
Come, my brother, let us kneel,
  We'll kneel together here.

Once, you know, on Sunday night,
  We knelt around the bed.
Was it not a holy sight
  When mother's prayer was said?

O brother, with God above,
  She prays for you and me!
And she keeps for us her love,
  And bends for us the knee!

And how sweetly does she pray
  For light upon our heart;
And that God may give a stay
  That never will depart.

Then we'll say, "Thy will be done!"
  We cannot murmur more;
And, through Jesus Christ, the Son,
  We'll worship and adore.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, AND WE SHALL BE WITH GOD.

A little while! then we shall rest
  From pain and care and sin;
And we shall find that God knew best
  The hour that death should win.

A little while! the trump shall sound,
  And what a change will come!
And what a light will fall around,
  When mortal life is done.

A little while! then heaven we'll see,
  And angels gladly meet,
And find by God's all wise decree
  Our blessedness complete.

A little while! but faith must first
  Transfigure all our days!
O'er all our lives must glory burst,
  On all our lips be praise.

A little while! O God, how long
  Before the time shall come?
In that great hour may we be strong,
  And save us, through thy Son!

Then we'll say, "Thy will be done!"
We cannot murmur more;
And, through Jesus Christ, the Son,
We'll worship and adore.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, AND WE SHALL BE WITH GOD.

A little while! then we shall rest
From pain and care and sin;
And we shall find that God knew best
The hour that death should win.

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And what a change will come!
And what a light will fall around,
When mortal life is done.

A little while! then heaven we'll see,
And angels gladly meet,
And find by God's all wise decree
Our blessedness complete.

A little while! but faith must first
Transfigure all our days!
O'er all our lives must glory burst,
On all our lips be praise.

A little while! O God, how [illegible]
Before the time shall [illegible]
In that great hour [illegible]
And save us, through [illegible].

I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

I love to think of that dear one
  Who walked in Judah's land,
And called himself God's only Son,
  Led by the Father's hand.

I love to dream of that clear eye
  That gazed at human woe,
And with a grace from God on high,
  Did holy joy bestow.

I love to speak of words he spoke,
  So gentle and so great,
Which the slumbering echoes woke
  Of our right royal state.

I love to muse on deeds he did,
  So mighty and so grand,
As he healed the sick, raised the dead,
  All through the Holy Land.

I love to say, he is here now,
  Blessing us each and all;
Ready to catch the faintest vow,
  Always within our call.

I love to feel he waits above,
  That when our breath shall cease,
He may receive us to his love,
  And crown us with his peace!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

1827—1877.

Just fifty years ago this day
  Two hearts were joined in one!
They asked their God to guide their way,
  Through Jesus Christ, the Son.

With truth and peace, with faith and love,
  They pledged their life and hand;
And strengthened by the voice above,
  United they did stand.

So hour by hour, and year by year,
  Held up by mighty grace,
In doubt and joy, in cloud and fear,
  They kept a trustful face.

Though fifty years have rolled along,
  Behold the two are here!
Still safe and true, still brave and strong,
  And to each other dear.

O God we thank thee, thou hast spared
  Thy children to this night;
That they so long thy love have shared,
  And found their lives so bright.

Still keep them in thy holy care!
  Still bless their hearts with peace,
And O for bliss their souls prepare,
  When earthly time shall cease.

PISANO.*

Dedicated to the Royal Society of Heraldry, Pisa, Italy.

Nearly six hundred years ago, there came
  To Pisá's land a lovely babe, whose name
Throughout all Europe has been sweetly known,
  And whose lofty genius all scholars own!
Pisano was the one we mean;
  In Italy his works are seen.

As sculptor he made all the stones to speak,
  And holy music from the rocks did break,
Giotto's method of design he tried,
  And thus the weary waste of age defied,
And sent his works of holy chime
  Down even to the present time!

Twenty-two years a gate of bronze he made
  San Giovanni's Church in pomp arrayed,
So now in wonder joyous eyes do gaze
  At this grand prize no mortal rust can raze!
A proof of that much gifted mind,
  That left its rivals all behind!

In thirteen forty-five Pisano died,
  Nay, lived! and all the power of death defied;
Lived! the pride of Italy, Europe, too,—
  Decreed by all as just and good and true;
Remembered now with warmest love,
  Although a saint in heaven above!

---

* ANDREA PISANO was born in Pisa, Italy, 1280.

IN MEMORIAM.

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF SAMUEL BRADLEE.

1778. Nov. 7, 1878.

How grand the echoes of the past,
  That gather round the heart;
How sweet the glances on us cast,
  That angel eyes impart!

We think of one who came to earth
  A hundred years ago,
Who now has found a spirit birth,
  Where crystal fountains flow.

We speak of her who took his hand,
  For fifty years of life;
Who now abides in God's own land,—
  Our mother! and his wife.

We dream of those, their children dear,
  Veiled from our mortal sight;
And we are sure that they are near,
  On this our festive night.

A hundred years! how long the time!
  How filled with joy and pain!
God give us all his own blest clime,
  Ere they come round again!

CHRISTMAS POEM.

Hark ! the Christmas bells are ringing,
And the angel-choirs are singing
That Christ is born !
And wrong is conquered by the right,
A world is lifted into light,
No more forlorn !

All the earth was sad and dreary,
And the human heart was weary,
Till Christ did come !
And then the darkness fled away,
And holy love began its sway
O'er hearth and home !

All glory be to God on high,
Let every mortal gladly cry,
That Christ was given !
May Christ grant all the power to see,
As at his name they bend the knee,
The way to heaven !

HOLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT.

Wait! thou can'st not know thy fate,
The hidden things that lie deep
In the councils of God's state,
While we wake and while we sleep!

A weaving is round the throne
  Of our blessings true and pure;
To mortal ears now unknown;
  In the future all secure.

The Almighty's plans are grand,
  But are hidden from our sight;
Of us all does he command,
  Holy waiting for the right!

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HARRISON SQUARE CHURCH.

1848—1878.

In 'forty-eight this Church began
  Its holy work for God and man;
And "Brooks" at first the word did give,
  That needy souls might wake and live!

And "Williams" next, this place did fill,
  Longing to do his Father's will;
Twelve months he spoke the word with power;
  Kindly we speak his name this hour.

And "Johnson," too, with mind all bright,
  Anxious for truth, and wanting light,
Awhile held service in this place,
  With earnest words and loving face.

Then "Bulfinch" came, the man of peace,—
  Our love for him will never cease;
Long will his gentle, holy heart,
  On all our souls fresh strength impart.

"Marvin" followed this child of God,
Took up his staff and held his rod,
And when he felt the task too great,
Left us all for a distant state.

"Hinckley" took up the waiting field,
With tongue of fire a force did wield,
And large crowds came to hear him speak
Of holy truths from week to week

But soon he went, and "Badger" came,
A man of thought and college fame,
He stood on guard till trial fell,
How great and sharp, no words can tell!

To "Seaver" then the work was given
To guide the waiting soul to heaven;
And filled with zeal and love and power,
Nobly he toiled from hour to hour.

His name we'll ever speak with love,
And when we look to God above,
We'll pray wherever he may go,
Blessings upon his life may flow.

And Bradlee,—coming days must say
Of good or ill, as best they may,
For he himself must silent be,
And leave his fate to history.

Rev. CHARLES BROOKS.
Rev. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.
Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON.
Rev. Dr. S. G. BULFINCH.
Rev. J. B. MARVIN.
Rev. FREDERICK HINCKLEY.
Rev. Prof. HENRY C. BADGER.
Rev. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1877—1878.

Gone forever out of our sight,
Its good and bad, its wrong and right,
    The grand Old Year!
Just like a bride, all dressed in white,
All full of love and grace and light,
    The blest New Year!

Passed up to God, and left for aye,
Weighed down by age and great decay,
    The loved Old Year!
With youthful look and full of peace,
Having of life a twelve months' lease,
    The good New Year!

Away from sight, no more to give,
With not another day to live,
    The old, Old Year!
With gifts of love and holy cheer,
With all things great and good and dear,
    All hail, New Year!

Thanks for the past, and all that's given
Of light and strength and truth and heaven,
    Great thanks, Old Year!
And hope for every coming day,
That wisdom's light may guide our way,
    All hope, New Year!

OUR MOTHER.

Our mother has found rest with God,
  Her life is done below,
And now, held up by staff and rod,
  She higher work will know.

Her love, through many years so true,
  Will grow still strong and fast;
And she will strengthen and renew
  The friendships of the past.

Not lost to us, but gone "above,"
  Still watching sweetly near,
Commissioned by a God of love
  As guardian angel here.

We will not weep as those who dread
  The change that now has come;
We will not call our dear one dead,—
  She's found another home!

For know we sure she safe abides
  Where all is peace and rest,
And in a world of joy resides,
  Among the loved and blest.

In holy faith, to God we give
  The one to us so dear;
And, saved by him, she'll ever live,
  We have no doubt nor fear.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D., LL.D.

Ex-President of Harvard College.

Gone home! gone to a place of rest
  And joy and love and peace;
A shining one among the blest,
  Thy goodness will increase!

A record sure and strong and bright,
  Thou leavest here below;
The teacher of the just and right;
  Of thee the truth we know!

Modest and brave, all sound and pure,
  A giant, yet a child;
Thy words were strong, thy pledges sure,
  Thy manner sweet and mild!

Farewell, dearly beloved of all!
  The master-mind and saint!
And may thy mantle, prophet, fall
  On us as free from taint!

THE OCEAN.

I looked upon the Ocean, and calm it seemed, and fair,
The peace of the Almighty was surely resting there!

I listened to the Ocean, its ripples and its swell;
The voice of the Eternal, a message seemed to tell!

I bowed before the Ocean and all its fearful rage
Restrained by the good Father who made the shores
its cage!

I stood by the old Ocean, and thought about our life,
Its days so full of changes that pass from calm to
strife!

And the Ocean seemed to speak of a more gracious
shore,
Where God would stay our billows and bless us
evermore!

TO H. R. M. ALPHONSO, KING OF SPAIN.*

All blessings be upon thy path, great King,
As one more dear one to the throne you bring;
May angels hover round thee, day by day,
And to both King and Queen be staff and stay;
May holy deeds anoint the joyous reign;
This marriage prove a glory to all Spain!

Long may the faithful two, so soon made one,
Add mighty beauty to the Spanish throne,
And all the nations with a loud acclaim
Welcome the one who takes Alphonso's name;
This union of hearts a sure glory prove,
Made grand forever by the God of love!

---

* Special thanks were sent for this poem from the royal palace of Madrid, in the name of the king.

OUR CHILD IS WITH GOD.*

Thou, God, to us a child did'st give,
  So beautiful and bright,
We humbly hoped it long would live
  Within our loving sight.

We watched his growth, and felt a pride
  In all his winning ways;
Inside the home did peace reside,
  And happy were our days.

But now we look in vain to find
  The one who was so dear!
And it is hard to be resigned,
  Because he is not here.

We know, O God, he's safe with thee,
  And filled with joy above;
And ever by thy wise decree,
  Embosomed in thy love.

Not lost to us, but watching near,
  Waiting for us to come!
And to our souls forever dear,
  A holy precious one!

---

* Read at the funeral of HOWARD SEAVER, Dec. 8, 1877.

EASTER POEM.

All hail to Easter Day now here;
Away at once our doubt and fear,
For Christ has risen!
Our hearts shall rise in sacred love,
Our eyes shall turn to thee above,
O God of Heaven!

We feel the reign of time has fled,
No longer can the seeming dead
In sleep repose!
The soul will find another home,
And hear the Saviour's solemn "Come,"
When breath shall close!

We know this life will speed away,
And short will be our mortal day,
And flesh must fade!
But still beyond there is a rest
For all the holy and the blest
Who've Christ obeyed!

Thanks be to God for Easter Day,
To Jesus, too, who led the way
To grace and peace!
And may we all receive a crown
When we our earthly work lay down,
And faith ne'er cease!

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING AT MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Dear mother in heaven, thy picture I view,
Thy face ever old, yet always seems new!
The smile is the same, the looks are as kind,
And yet the dear voice I now fail to find.

But out of the lips there does come a sound
That gives a grand peace to all things around.
O days holy, when again I shall hear
Thy sweet words of counsel, full of good cheer.

Mother, I'll wait till I meet thee above,
Ere I shall know of thy holiest love!
No more partings then can harrow my heart,
And God to us both all peace shall impart.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

Almighty God, thy peace this day
  Descend upon this place;
And now do we devoutly pray
  For rich supplies of grace.

Our thoughts make pure, our words make true,
  And all our deeds inspire;
And send at once thy holy dew
  And thy celestial fire!

A FEW POEMS,

BY

C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

SECOND SERIES.

1880.

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DEDICATED

TO

MY FRIEND AND MY FATHER'S FRIEND,

FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY.

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David Clapp & Son, Printers.

A FEW POEMS.

OUR FATHER.

OUR FATHER! O that precious name
  Which brings our God so near;
May its sweet grace our hearts inflame,
  And take away our fear!

Father! that dear and holy word,
  All filled with love and power;
A gift, by sacred lips conferred
  At a most needy hour!

Father! yes, each of us a child
  Of the Almighty King!
God grant our hearts, all pure and mild,
  May grateful tributes bring.

Our Father, on earth, in heaven,
  So dear throughout all time,
To each of us let there be given
  A blessing from Thy clime!

WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

WHO art in Heaven! that world above,
Where saints their Father meet;
That splendid land of light and love,
And blessedness complete!

Who art in Heaven! our future rest,
If we on earth are true;
If God our souls has richly blessed,
Made clean, and white, and new!

Who art in Heaven! a place within
The centre of the heart;
If we are ever free from sin,
And bid all wrong depart!

Who art in Heaven! that gracious place,
That home of joy and peace,
Where souls are filled with truth and grace,
And pleasures never cease!

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

ALL holy be thy name, and great,
And grand, O God, we pray;
And O, reveal thy royal state,
As we our homage pay.

And make us good, and pure, and kind,
  And full of truth and light;
Of happy heart, and sacred mind,
  And steady to the right!

Each idle thought, and wicked word,
  Remove from lip and heart;
And be thy grace on all conferred,
  And mighty love impart!

For thus we'd like to bless thy name,
  By deeds that thou'lt approve!
We praise Thee best, with loud acclaim,
  By works of peace and love!

THY KINGDOM COME.

THY Kingdom come, O Father grant,
  With glory and with power!
No more we wish, no more we want,
  As our eternal dower!

Its peace let down, its splendor shed,
  Its beauty let us feel!
With angel's food let us be fed,
  And mighty love reveal!

Thy Kingdom come, and chase away
  All other kingdoms, Lord!
Be thou alone our staff and stay;
  And holy help afford.

Thy Kingdom come, through Christ the Son,
  When breath shall cease to be,
When mortal life its race has run,
  That Kingdom let us see!

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

THY will be done! O God, thy will,
  So sweet, so good, so pure;
Say to each trembling heart, Be still!
  Make all, in Thee, secure.

Thy will! though darkness close us round,
  And grief is at our side;
We'll say, while bending to the ground,
  Let God alone decide!

Thy will! though veiled, and sharp, and sad,
  And full of fire and pain;
Thy will! for nothing can be bad,
  That will, must be our gain!

Thy will, through Christ, be always done,
  With each and every heart;
And wilt thou, O most Holy One,
  Thy healing help impart.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

GIVE us this day our daily bread!
Let us by sacred truth be fed.
'Tis bread from heaven thy children need;
O God, that holy bread concede!

The body wants thy daily care,
That it may all things do and dare;
More strength it craves, more life, more peace,
O God, those splendid gifts increase!

The mind is weak, and longs for light,
And seeks for clearer, deeper sight,
And knows that all to God must go,
That He may gracious help bestow.

The soul is stained, and wants a cure,
And would at once all good secure!
O God, send bread, a grand supply,
And hear thy children's plaintive cry!

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS.

FORGIVE our debts! O God, they 're large,
We cannot bear the heavy charge!
Forgive, O God, as we forgive,
And let us in thy presence live.

As we forgive! O teach us how!
  Humbly we stand before Thee now,
And know how hard to look away
  From wrongs that meet us, day by day.

Make us, O God, right good and kind,
  And let no anger stir the mind;
And as we hope thy grace to feel,
  Teach us our temper to conceal!

Almighty God, forgive and bless,
  And fill us with thy righteousness!
Patient and gentle let us be,
  And filled with peace, by thy decree!

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

O FATHER, do not let us go
  In ways of sin, and paths of woe;
But save us all from shame and wrong,
  And let us all to Thee belong!

May hands and hearts be kept away
  From all things tainted with decay!
And make us ever brave and true,
  And really glad thy work to do!

If dangers come, and foes arise,
  And we are filled with pains and sighs,

O send at once thy mighty aid,
And do not let us be dismayed!

For bold we'll stand, when God is near,
We'll have no dread, and feel no fear;
Thy Rod and Staff will keep us right,
And make us victors in the fight!

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER AND EVER, AMEN.

O GOD, the Kingdom shall be thine!
And ever shall thy glory shine!
Thy power is grand; thy truth so bright,
That it will fill us all with light!

Thy law is good, thy mercy sure,
And thou wilt help us to endure
All things that come, from day to day,
To shade our path, and hedge our way.

And may our lips be filled with praise,
And in our hearts O let us raise
A holy tribute to thy name!
O God, light up the grateful flame!

And then the prayer the Lord has taught,
Which o'er our souls a rest has brought,
Will fill those souls with peace and love,
And fix their gaze on Heaven above!

FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY.

1812. *May 17.* *188(*

ALL hail, my friend, a holy cheer,
On this, your natal day!
May all things bright and good appear,
We do most humbly pray.

In childhood's hour we knew your name,
In the old ark, our home,
Where with your bird-like voice you came,—
Our parents bade you come.

And when in later life we met,
Old friendships were renewed;
And 'round the past we linger yet,
With trembling eyes bedewed!

We both have parted with the true,
We both have said "Good-bye,"
And holy angels watch us too,
And linger often nigh!

This sacred hour we will rejoice
For all that God has given,
And with a gladsome, hopeful voice,
Will turn our eyes to Heaven.

All hail again, this birthday thine;
With joy and trust go on!
Long may it be ere life decline,
And mortal work be done!

MRS. HYDE.

795. *June 27.* *1880.*

WE welcome you, our honored one,
As five and eighty years are won,
This holy day!
Our prayers rise up to God in love,
That mighty blessings from above
May crown your way.

Your friendship we have prized indeed,
In hours of joy and times of need,
A glorious dower!
In Church and home we've joined the hand
In fellowship right true and grand,
A massive tower!

Long may our lives on earth be spared,
Loud be our mutual love declared,
That all may hear!
And when at last the trump shall sound,
And we the end of life have found,
We 'll have no fear.

And when we meet in God's own home,
And when we've heard the Savior's "Come,"
We'll still be one!
Nothing shall break our union true!
O Father, make it fresh and new,
Through Christ, the Son!

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss VIOLA WATERMAN.

ALL true and noble, holy, pure,
  Patient and gentle, strong;
In faith, and trust, and love secure,
  Our hearts did round thee throng!

Ready for all, the cross to take,
  As counsellor and friend;
All private aims thou didst forsake,
  Thy blessings to extend.

The young looked up to thee with pride,
  At once gave up the heart;
It mattered not what might betide,
  If thou didst peace impart.

And parents gave unto thy care
  The little ones so dear,
And knew full well that thou would'st share
  In every joy and fear.

When thou wert sick, all hearts did ache,
  And prayers went up to God
That He might spare thy life, and take
  Away the heavy rod.

But God knew best, and now we weep,
  We see thy face no more!
To Him who wakes thee out of sleep,
  We bow in solemn awe.

All safe with Him, the God of all,
In glory art thou crowned;
And thou hast heard the final call,
And angel robes hast found.

Farewell! farewell! we 'll meet again,
Where all our cares shall cease;
And we must say a sad amen!
O God, our faith increase!

LENT.

For forty days and nights, our Lord
Passed out from mortal sight!
And as the sacred men record,
Stood firmly by the right!

No Satan's arts could change his will,
No tempter's wiles mislead;
He kept his heart serenely still,
In the great hour of need.

"Get thee behind me," cried he loud
To the false offers made;
And on his soul there came no cloud,
As he God's voice obeyed!

So all upheld by his command,
And guided by his grace,
Must ever hold his gracious hand,
And gaze upon his face!

LUCY CHILD.

Our friend has passed away to God,
Her work is done below;
And now held up by Staff and Rod,
She all things grand will know.

Faithful were all her deeds and ways,
Gentle and true her heart;
Right nobly has she passed her days,
For Christ has been her chart.

She loved to do her very best,
And tried to help us all,
And, by the Rock of Ages blest,
Her peace on us did fall.

When sickness came, she bowed her head,
And said, Thy will be done!
Prostrate and helpless, on her bed
A mighty grace was won.

Friends beloved stood around and near,
And helped her bear the blow;
She filled them all with holy cheer,
And sweet content did show.

But now she's gone where joy is found,
She waits for us Above,
And stands on consecrated ground,
Saved by a God of Love.

IN MEMORIAM.

WINSLOW GAY,

September 7, 1877.

AGAIN the voice of God is here;
  Another dear one sleeps;
Yet God knows best, we will not fear,
  For He the loved one keeps.

Father, help us in this our grief;
  A double blow thou'st given!
Oh, send thy voice, a sure relief,
  Right from the throne of heaven.

Say, "Peace, be still!" "Be of good cheer!"
  The cloud shall soon depart,
If God and Christ are surely near,
  And gracious aid impart.

Open ajar the gates above,
  Let angels come and go,
All filled with peace and light and love,
  To chase away our woe.

And in this band, oh, may we see
  The two* who've passed away,
That now, by thine all-wise decree,
  Have found eternal day!

Their voice we'd hear, their presence feel,
  And know that all is right,
And though they must their forms conceal,
  Give us a spirit sight!

* GEORGE HENRY GAY, Jr., ob. June 12, 1877.
WINSLOW GAY, ob. Sept. 5, 1877.

But God knows best, to Him we leave
Our cries, our wants, our tears;
And all his blows in peace receive,
And banish all our fears.

EASTER POEM.

CHRIST has risen, O earth rejoice,
Utter forth a glorious voice
To God, the King!
And we shall rise, the truth is grand,
O spread it wide throughout the land,
And praises sing!

Christ has risen, and death no more
Can bind us to the earthly shore,
And chain the soul!
But time will yield itself a slave,
And an eternal mercy crave,
And lose control!

Christ has risen, and so shall all
Who at his feet, repentant, fall,
Arise to peace!
And in that world of light above,
Where God and Christ will reign in love,
All care shall cease!

Christ has risen, and death has fled,
And God a mighty grace will shed
On all who pray!
Awake, each soul, and seek the light,
And bless the Lord for thoughts so bright,
This Easter day!

PREPARED FOR THE FUNERAL OF MRS. GEORGE E. KING.

SHE was gentle, loving, and true,
  And brave unto the last;
And ever tried all things to do
  That to her lot were cast.

When sickness came, without a sigh
  She took the burden up;
And hardly asked the reason why
  God sent the fatal cup!

Weak, and more weak, she seemed to grow,
  We hoped, we feared, we prayed!
The future none of us could know,
  And yet we felt afraid!

But she, a long while, saw the end,
  And kept the secret still;
And knew that God would safe defend
  And save her from all ill.

At last the message quickly came;
  It found her strangely calm,
And in her heart a holy flame
  That kept off all alarm.

She bid farewell to dear ones near;
  A kiss of trust and love!
And went to God without a fear,
  Embosomed in his love.

We'll say, O God, "Thy will be done,"
  Though tears are falling fast;
And grant through Jesus Christ, thy Son,
  We all may meet at last.

A PRAYER.

Our Father guide,
  Our ways decide,
This day!
  To thee we come,
Make us at home,
  We pray!

Give us thy light;
  Show us the right;
Help now!
  Needy we cry,
Hear thou our sigh,
  And vow!

Our sins forgive,
  And let us live
All pure,
  And when we sleep
In death, us keep
  Secure!

FOR THE 99th BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES.

April 22nd, 1877.

In one year more, a hundred years
  Our friend beloved will see!
A time, how filled with joys and fears,
  A sacred harmony.

The past, how dear to one so old;
  The present, O how grand!
And what shall future years unfold
  By God's all wise command?

We cannot tell how soon may come
  The order to depart!
When God shall give another home
  To that true loving heart.

But this we know, she waits God's will,
  And stands upon her guard!
And keeps her faith all calm and still,
  And calls no message hard.

God grant we meet twelve months to-day,
  Her century to greet!
It is for Him alone to say,
  Whose mercies are complete.

To Him, in Christ, we lift our praise,
  Who orders all things well;
He the holiest hopes will raise,
  The gravest fears dispel.

PRINCE ALBERT,

Of Saxe Coburg and Gotha; Long the Consort of H. R. M. Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India.

MANY years in the past there went from earth
A mind and a soul of celestial birth;
Awhile this mighty power remained below,
And genial light did everywhere bestow;
In two Countries was sent a holy flame,
And hearts all round the world gave loud acclaim!

PRINCE ALBERT is the one of whom we speak,
He was learned, true, holy, brave and meek;
From budding youth, the highest aims he sought,
And by his love the gentlest deeds were wrought.
Royal in name, he had a regal soul,
And kept upon himself a strict control.

At proper age, in manhood's sacred power,
In God's own time, at an auspicious hour,
VICTORIA of England took his hand,
And led him to her own delightful land!
Here two, like as one, walked the road of life,
Full of the best counsels, with wisdom rife.

But one sad day, the Prince, beloved of all,
Heard from the world above, the Father's call,
Wrapped the mantle of peace around his heart,
Was ready, as God said so, to depart!
But Oh, the grief of *one* whose love was deep,
Her heart was broken, when he went to sleep!

But *now* he surely lives, and grows more strong,
  And all his goodness does around us throng;
His influence will help, whilst time shall last;
  His gentle spirit on us all will cast
A sweetness, a grace, and a holy calm,
  That over earth and Heaven will throw a charm!

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

God saw the nations sweeping by,
And heard the people's anguished cry,
  "O give us light!"
Out of the skies he sent a babe,
The humble child in manger laid,
  A striking sight!

Wise men and shepherds marched to see,
And to the babe they bent the knee,
  And presents gave!
A "star" stood where the child was found,
And all the place seemed holy ground,
  To men so grave.

But *now* that child is Lord and King,
And unto all will blessings bring,
  Who hear his voice!
He asks of each and all the heart,
And ever will his grace impart;
  O world rejoice!

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. WINSLOW LEWIS.*

He's gone from us, he's seen the "Eye,"
The eye that ne'er grows dim!
The "Architect" of earth and sky
Will ever hallow him.

He stands beneath the "Arch" of love,
Is spared all future pain!
He meets the Seraphim above,
Has found eternal gain.

He's "square" with man and cleansed by God,
A "temple" of the King!
And now held up by "Staff" and "Rod,"
His vespers will he sing.

The Grand Master who rules o'er all,
Now covers him with light!
And at his "Altar" does he fall,
Where all is pure and bright.

100th BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES.

1778. *1878.*

Glory to God, our friend is spared
A century to greet!
And God in mercy has declared
This wondrous time complete!

* Dr. Winslow Lewis was P. G. Master of the Massachusetts Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons.

Glory to God, for grace so given,
  And love so richly shed;
For all the light that came from Heaven,
  By which our friend was led!

Glory to God, for trials too,
  That disciplined her heart,
And made her faith all strong and true,
  And did great grace impart!

Glory to God, for coming days,
  Through Jesus Christ, the Son!
And let us all our prayers upraise
  For this dear aged one!

A DAY LOST.

(A Roman Emperor says, "that day is lost on which some good deed is not performed.")

O COUNT that day lost that sees no duty done;
No brave battles fought, and no victories won;
No great sins put down, no mighty truths attained;
No base passions lost, no solid virtues gained.

O count that day lost that finds thee not awake,
And ready for all things good for Jesus' sake.
Day lost indeed, unless thou'rt ashamed to stay
Where thorns and thistles disfigure all the way.

O count that day lost that leads thee not to God,
Hard though be the pains, and sharp though be the rod;
That finds thee not the more holy and more strong,
And afraid of nothing but the path of wrong.

1770. *1879.*

ALBERT THORWALDSEN.*

Dedicated to H. R. M. Christian, King of Denmark.

In seventeen seventy, do we see
One took his birth by an all-wise decree,
Near Raisciawich town, made famous then,
Because God sent the infant Thorwaldsen!
And could the people have his future seen,
His brow they'd crowned with "laurel evergreen"!

The "Academy of Arts" took the child,
So gentle, true, and pure and undefiled,
When only twelve, and gave him for a guard
And teacher, the famous Abildgaard!
Five years later, a silver prize he won,
For faithful service given and work well done.

In two years more, when nineteen years of age,
A gold medal came to this youthful sage,
For a learned piece that he had written
Of one† who was from the temple driven!
So, too, he took a prize at twenty-three,
Five hundred thalers his, by wise decree!

In seventeen ninety-six, he, at Rome,
Made for himself with joy a genial home,
Yet hardly knew what in the world to try:
Painting and statuary charmed his eye,—

* Albert Thorwaldsen was born near Raisciawich, Denmark, Nov. 19, 1770, and died in Copenhagen, March 25, 1844.
† Heliodorus.

But works in the Vatican did he meet
That made him strive with sculptors to compete.

"Jason" was the first piece that gave him fame,
Thomas Hope the man who made known his name;
Copies from the Greek brought him mighty power;
He had the praise of all in genial shower,—
But, for the greater token of his hand,
See the statue of Christ, so true and grand!

See the Apostles, too, and the "preaching
Of St. John"! all these the people teaching!
And Pius the Seventh did almost speak
As he his form with skill from stone did break;
And other works his genius led to birth,
Which, by his art, have glorified the earth!

King Frederick made him a noble too,
And other nations sent him honors new;
And everywhere came glories thick and fast
That by loving hearts on his name were cast;
So that he reached the highest point of power,
And, 'mongst all artists, was a massive tower!

From Copenhagen he went up to God,
Was quickly called by death's unyielding rod;
Sad was the year, in eighteen forty-four,
When Thorwaldsen was on the earth no more!
Kings wept, and all men bowed in bitter grief,
As that mighty sentinel found relief!

1617. *1880.*

MURILLO.*

Dedicated to the King and Queen of Spain.

In Spain's fair land, and many years ago,
At Seville, came the famous Murillo;
A gifted child from his earliest age,
Good and modest, gentle and pure and sage,
With all his artistic powers strong and great,
By "Castillo" nourished to royal state
With "Moya" and "Cano" to stir him up,
To take from coming fame the fullest cup.

When twenty years of age, with skilful hand,
Two Madonnas sprang forth at his command,
That proved a genius resting in his brain,
Which a deeper study would guide and train,
And to Madrid, friendless and poor he went;
Three years of hardest work, he richly spent,
Helped by Velasquez, a most noble friend,
Whose favors only with his life did end.

In sixteen forty-five, he thought it best
Once more at home his mighty powers to test;
Little by little did he grow more grand,
Bringing fresh glory to his native land;
That he might increase his power more and more,
He steered his bark to wedlock's holy shore;

* The royal thanks of the King of Spain were sent in recognition of this poem.

Dona Solomayor became his wife,
  And made him rich and noble all his life!

It was in sixteen forty-eight he wed,
  And to the Church the best of women led;
And he stood confessed in just six years more,
  The leading painter on the Spanish shore;
The last work he gave to a waiting world,
  That celestial beauty and love unfurled,
Was St. Catherine,—a betrothal too,
  That started wonders great and praises new.

On April third, in sixteen eighty-two,
  God plainly said, "There's nothing more to do";
He fell asleep, and went to joy above,
  Was blessed and crowned by the Almighty's love;
And all the people felt a holy one
  Had left his work on earth right grandly done;
Then farewell Murillo, a long farewell,
  To loving hearts thy virtues will we tell.

And to Spain's King and Queen, thy name we give,
  Praying its mighty grace with them may live,
And to their reign a holy treasure prove,
  Covering all their steps with peace and love!
And whilst their Kingdom's watched by thee in Heaven,
  Thou in all the Churches has left a leaven
That must bring joy, and light, and splendid power,
  And shed great blessings in a genial shower.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIZABETH W. EVERETT,

(Wife of P. L. EVERETT, Esq.)

Ob. Feb. 22, 1875.

"*Wife*," "*Mother*," "*Daughter*," "*Friend*."

O GOD, why? Wilt Thou tell us why?
It is not for us to say;
Yet hear Thou now the heart's sharp cry,
As we miss the wife to-day.

O God, why? Still Thy way is best,
Whilst we wonder, weep, adore!
"And wilt Thou give our Mother rest?"
The dear children now implore.

O God, why? Still we know 'tis love!
We will wait in trust and peace!
Whilst parents ask, for child above,
The care that will never cease.

O God, why? Ah, large numbers cry
O, why hast Thou sent this blow?
Yet none can tell the reason why!
It is not for us to know!

But unto Thee, through Christ, the Son,
Yield we up the stricken will;
And let us hear, O Gracious One,
Out of the cloud, "Peace, be still!"

IN MEMORIAM.

THY will be done! this is our cry
  In our repeated blows!
For peace with Thee, O God, most high,
  And grace with mercy flows.

Thy will must make the dark all bright,
  And take all care away;
And prove to all, Thy way is right,
  And be a staff and stay!

With Thee, a mother* rests in peace,
  By dear ones gone before;
And daily will her love increase
  On that eternal shore.

And brother,† too, was quickly called
  To leave this world of pain;
And, whilst our hearts were all enthralled,
  Then thou didst call again!

And father‡ went to Thee above,
  Whilst lonely we are left;
O help thou those, thou God of love,
  Whom thou hast so bereft!

*Mrs. Dutton,
†H. W. Dutton, Jr.
‡H. W. Dutton, Sen. All passed to God within a few weeks.

Thy will! Ah, only what is best
  We know thou wilt impart;
For ever dost thou grant thy rest
  Unto the broken heart.

April 15, 1875.

OUR DEPARTED ONES.

STRANGE murmurs from the other land,
  Strike right across the heart;
And all around, a spirit band,
  Their cheering light impart.

Voices that were hushed long ago,
  Again arouse our soul;
And the tears will unbidden flow,
  As echoes round us roll.

Yes, with us by faith's sacred call,
  And by hope's blessed way!
They will visit us, each and all,
  By night, as well as day.

It is an inward power they bring,
  These dear ones from above!
It is in angel tones they sing,
  All full of peace and love!

Along with Jesus at our side,
  Their constant help they give;
And they in Him all trust confide!
  So would they have us live.

CHRISTMAS POEM.

HEARTS waited for the natal day,
When sin and shame would fly away,
    And Christ be born!
Law would not light and peace impart,
And calm and sanctify the heart,
    No peace did dawn!

Prophets spoke of a better time,
When beauty would on Zion shine,
    And joy arise!
Almighty God did tarry long,
And faith was weak that once was strong,
    And deep the sighs!

But all at once a Star appeared,
And those rejoiced who once had feared,
    For Christ had come!
Though the Lord in a manger laid,
In glory great He was arrayed,
    The world His home.

But now, how strange, we seek Him not,
How soon by human hearts forgot,
    And set aside!
O God, this holy Christmas morn,
Again let Jesus Christ be born,
    Within reside.

And when our human race is run,
And all our mortal work is done,
  Let Jesus reign!
Our souls may Jesus take and keep,
And wake us up from death, called sleep,
  And all reclaim.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

THY children gathered here in love
Would look, O God, to thee above;
  For grace would pray!
Enrich our mind, inspire our heart,
And unto each and all impart
  True peace, this day!

While flowers we bring with earnest praise,
We would to thee our cry upraise
  For strength and light!
O help us by thy mighty hand,
And make us all, by thy command,
  Pursue the right!

May all we say, and think, and do,
Be earnest, sacred, holy, true,
  And filled with power!
Let glory now from Heaven descend,
Let angel-guards our Church defend,
  And bless this hour!

GRACE, MERCY, PEACE.

A SUPPLICATION.

GRACE, mercy, peace, O Father, send,
As we, thy humble children, bend,
In love and trust, before thy throne,
And all thy faithful goodness own.

Thy grace, that all our fears may fly,
That hushed may be the sinner's sigh;
And all our hopes, in joy, arise
To thee, the God of earth and skies.

Let Mercy, too, procure us rest,
The grandest of thy gifts confessed;
And may we all, in trusting love,
Gain all our strength from thee above.

O let thy Peace begin to tread
On weary hearts, by folly led;
That we renewed, may find a light
That keeps us steady to the right.

All this we ask through Christ, the Son,
Our truest Friend, thy chosen One!
And grant our prayer, O God, we crave,
For thou alone hast power to save.

94th BIRTHDAY OF MR. THADDEUS ALLEN.

To day Mr. Thaddeus Allen, father of Mr. Joseph H. Allen, clerk of the South Boston Municipal Court, and of Mr. James Allen of the City Registrar's Office, celebrates his 94th birthday. The venerable gentleman steps about town every day as erect as a man of 40, and is a loyal and devoted Republican. Two years ago Mr. Allen was confined to his bed for several weeks, lying most of the time apparently in a calm sleep and unconscious of pain. His family daily expected his dissolution, but he rose with renewed strength, and has now as rosy a complexion as a blooming maiden. He will receive his friends this afternoon and evening at his residence on F street. At an early hour this morning he had several congratulatory callers. To-night Mr. Joseph H. Allen will read the following verses, composed by Rev. C. D. Bradlee, of Harrison Square, and former pastor of the patriarch.

1786. *94.* *1880.*

May 14th.

NINETY-FOUR years, thy child, O Lord,
Has spent his life on earth,
And would with thanks this day record
Thy mercies from his birth.

His joys, from thy bestowing hand,
Have lighted up his days;
His cares, by thine all-wise command,
Have sanctified his ways.

And still he asks for guidance true,
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son;
And ever would his faith renew
In him, the "Holy One."

And when, O Lord, the bell shall ring
That calls him up to thee,
Oh, then may holy angels sing
Their welcome jubilee!

A GENERAL AND A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

God is around and with us all the time,
Making the soul a most glorious clime;
Watching o'er the heart with a mighty power,
And keeping it from danger, hour by hour.
A general Providence, in the sky;
A special Providence, and strangely nigh!
We love to think He rules by laws so old
The years they've lasted, none can now unfold.
And yet we feel so mighty is his love,
Each name is written in the "Book" above.
God wound up the world from the start, we know,
But *each day* his life makes it onward go.
I see Him ruling on the throne of light!
I know each hour He makes my life more bright.
I do not lose my God in the dim space,
Every instant I feel his blessed grace.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. NATHANIEL HALL.

He has gone to a holy rest;
In Heaven, an angel now;
All robed in light, amongst the blest,
A crown upon his brow.

He was all peaceable and good,
True, and holy, and pure!
Nourished on earth by angels' food,
With faith in God secure.

Gone now, we know in greater peace.
Still with a God of love:
Never shall his influence cease
To lure our souls above.

Farewell, dear pastor, brother, friend!
Not, not gone forever.
Our ways attend, our steps defend,
Sacred presence ever.

MY CREED.

To God I look, the Judge of all,
My Father and my King!
While at his feet I humbly fall,
And grateful praises bring.

In Christ I trust, God's Son, I know,
The life, the truth, the way;
And in whatever place I go
My solace and my stay!

God's Spirit is my comfort sure,
In all the steps I take;
And all things I can well endure,
If that my conscience wake!

The "Holy Book," God's blessed truth,
Is all the "creed" I know;
My help and light from early youth,
My peace in joy and woe.

1446. *1879*

PERUGINO PIETRO.

Perugino Pietro was born in Citta Della Pièvè, Italy, in 1446, and died in 1524.

At Citta Della Pièvè. one day
  In fourteen forty-six, God gave to earth
A little one, for whom there seemed no way
  To break through want that hedged his birth;
No room for hope, no kindling ray.

Perugino Pietro was the child
  And grand Italian shores his native land,
And some holy angel, all good and mild,
  Came down from Heaven with gracious wand,
And marked him great and undefiled.

First in Perugia he learned his trade,
  And there he marched towards a glory true;
But Florence soon a claim upon him made,
  And asked for gifts both bright and new!
And he at once with joy obeyed.

His works are seen in every famous place,
  At Siena, Vallombrosa, and Rome;
Florence and Perugia feel their grace;
  Ah! everywhere he was at home;
Not any spot could he disgrace!

Pupils he took and taught them grandly well,
  And all their names are heard throughout the world;
Poets their praises and sweet love do tell,
  Flags of all nations are unfurled;
All stand mute, by their magic spell.

The noble Raphael was one he taught,
  And that clear soul was prostrate at his feet!
And what strange wonders such a mind has wrought;
  What mighty power is thus complete,
What splendid blessings thus are brought!

Perugino in fifteen twenty-four
  Passed away forever from mortal sight,
And his holy genius shall shine no more,
  Nor shed its gracious charming light,
On our all-changing, fading shore!

WHERE IS GOD,
and how can we find Him?

CAN any one tell where our God may be found?
Has He left anywhere, a mark or a sound?
Is He high up in Heaven, above the blue sky,
Looking down on us all, and counting each sigh?

Or is He here with us, and almost in sight,
And ever quite near us, by day and by night?
Or is He right in us, and close to the heart,
A light and a strength, and a peace, and a chart?

He is beyond us, and above the blue sky;
He is at our side, and will always seem nigh;
And He fills the whole soul of all who do well,
And right gracious truths to his children will tell!

But how can we find Him, and where is his home?
He is known in one way, through Jesus He'll come!
And those who make Jesus their trust and their light,
Will find the dear Father, all safe and all right!

GEORGE H. GAY, JR.

June 14, 1877.

SAD are the hearts met here to-day,
  And heavy is our grief;
Be thou, O God, the light and way
  Unto a sure relief.

In prime of life, at manhood's hour,
  This heavy blow has come;
And parents dear did feel thy power,
  When thou didst call him home.

They loved him much, they hardly know
  Why they should give him up!
But wilt thou, Father, gently show
  How they shall drink the cup?

And let them look right through the gate
  That leads to Thee above;
And may they see his royal state
  All hallowed by thy love.

And guardian angel let him be
  Over their home and heart;
May he by thine all-wise decree,
  A daily grace impart.

Let father, mother, brothers dear,
  All bow unto thy will;
And calm each thought, and stay each fear,
  And speak thy "Peace, be still!"

O God, at last, unite us all
  Where no more tears are shed;
And let thy love upon us fall;
  May we by grace be fed.

MISS M. A. ETHERIDGE.

1800. *June 11th.* *1880.*

We greet you, friend, this holy night,
When eighty years are yours by right,
And pray that God his peace may send
And mighty blessings without end.

From early years we 've seen your face,
And felt your friendship, by God's grace!
Our parents, too, no longer here,
Were bound by bonds forever dear.

A gracious band, above, below,
Do now their sacred peace bestow;
And saints on earth, and saints above,
Give tokens of their tender love.

So heart with heart, and hand in hand,
We 'll pass our days, by God's command;
And stand on guard, till called away
Where care shall cease, and night is day.

COSMO DE MEDICI.*

1389. *1879.*

OUT from the shadows of the past, we find
Great minds and souls, both noble and refined,
Richer far than our common mortal life,
With splendid gains, and mighty glories rife,
That send an echo bounding through all time
And in every age have a genial clime!

In thirteen eighty-nine God gave us all
Cosmo, on whom His mighty grace did fall,
Whose spirit seemed to have a lasting light,
That no eclipse of time could shroud with night!
He came to needy hearts a peace to bring,
And made the weakened ones rejoice and sing!

First a Prior of Florence he was made,
And in robes of office with joy arrayed;
And he ruled with skill, and was brave and true,—
In sound judgment was equalled by but few!
As "Banker" too, and master of finance,
To make a fortune he improved his chance.

His house was regal, and he oped his door
To artists, and all who were skilled in lore;
Even from Greece, to him they fled for care,—
Of his large comforts had a blessed share;

* Thanks were sent from HUMBERT 1st, the King of Italy, on the reception of this poem.

His love a refuge was to all who came,—
By his goodness he glorified his name!

In fourteen forty-three, a mighty change
Gave to his massive soul a larger range;
For rulers new, seizing the power of state,
Sent a great cloud awhile upon his fate,
And banished too he was away from home;
In unfamiliar spots he had to roam.

At Venice he lived for about a year,
Giving to all his friends a holy cheer;
The same heart in exile was daily seen,
And all the struggling ones his love did screen!
Not long was he allowed to be away,
And much holier counsels soon had sway.

He was called back in fourteen forty-four,
And ruled his people thirty years or more;
Such splendor and dignity did he show,
All things prosperous to those lands did flow,
And good old Florence stood in honor high,
And loomed up in glory to every eye!

In fourteen sixty-four he went to God,—
Was struck out from earth by death's mystic rod.
"Father of his country" was called by all,—
Honors heavy upon his name did fall;
And ever since the echoes of his love
Have filled the earth beneath and Heaven above!

PRAYER FOR DYING ONES.

ALL trembling on the bridge of time,
  Thy children waiting stand;
Wilt thou, Father, a holy chime
  Send from the promised land.

All wearied with the race of life,
  Soon to cross the river;
Thy children in this mighty strife,
  Lord, wilt thou deliver?

All faint and sick, yet strong in love,
  These pilgrims on life's brink,
Look up to Thee, their King above!
  O do not let them shrink.

But take their hand, and shield their heart,
  And fill them with thy peace;
And do thou mighty aid impart,
  As mortal life shall cease.

IN MEMORIAM.

Hon. HENRY WILSON,

Vice-President of the United States.

HE was brave, honest, good and true,
  Holy, and just, and kind;
Equalled on earth by very few,
  Having a master mind.

From humble ranks, with power he rose
  To stations high and grand;
Each place he filled did grace disclose,
  And genius at command.

With face alight, and words at will,
  And voice all clear and strong,
He did the crowd with wonder fill,
  Holding no truce with wrong.

And when at last the summons came,
  To which we all must yield,
It met him at the height of fame,
  Right on the battle field.

Farewell, thou mighty one and great,
  Thy work is nobly done!
We weep, and watch, and mourn, and wait;
  But thou all peace hast won.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. BAYFIELD.

Our loved one is at home to-day;
  She rests in peace with God;
And Christ, the rock, shall be her stay,
  Her life, her staff, her rod!

No more shall pain her steps attend,
  Nor weariness oppress;
For angels will her way defend,
  And nothing can distress.

A crown is placed upon her brow;
  Her soul is clothed in peace;
And visions holy bless her now,
  That never can decrease.

She who on earth spread gracious light,
  And peace, and strength, and love,
Has found a record sure and bright,
  In the great "Book" above.

God welcomes her an angel born;
  Freed spirits grasp her hand;
And he, our Lord, who calmed the storm,
  Does holy rest command.

Farewell, thou tried one, gentle, true,
  Affectionate and kind!
We now in tears thy life review,
  And sterling virtues find.

ALL-SOULS' DAY.

Come back, ye dear ones, loved by all,
  Come back, this "All-Souls' Day,"
And hear the heart's devoted call,
  And with us briefly stay.

Come, prophets, martyrs of the past,
  Apostles of the Lord,
All gracious blessings on us cast,
  And mighty help afford!

Come, wife and husband, parent, child,
  Brother, sister and friend,
With garments white and undefiled;
  Our waiting hearts defend!

Tell us that you are safe with God;
  Fill us with holy peace;
Give one and all a staff and rod,
  And Oh, our faith increase.

Lead us to Christ, the gracious King,
  Your guide, our life and light!
And to each saddened heart, O bring
  A new and blessed sight!

IN MEMORIAM.

My heart is sad to-day, I know not why,
Save a few days ago a star did fall,
And light and joy were gone from heart and eye,
And shadows seemed to creep on one and all!

Sick ones wept aloud for the friend no more
To meet them in the hour of want and pain,
For the one who had left the earthly shore,
Whom in the flesh they ne'er should greet again.

Those who joined in his daily deeds of love,
Who sought his help, to whom he looked for light,
Gazed sadly at the open gate above,
As, all at once, he vanished from their sight.

All those that knew him well, at home, abroad,
Cheered by his word, and guided by his skill,
Were bowed in grief, as summoned by the Lord,
Higher he went, a greater place to fill!

My heart is sad to-day, but God knows best
Why one so dear to all was called away
From things of time, to peace, and love, and rest,
And all the splendors of eternal day.

THE NEW YEAR. THE OLD YEAR.

1876. 1877.

THE Old year is going,—"good-bye," let us say,
To its joys and its griefs that haunt us this day!
The New Year is coming,—"All hail," let us cry,
And fresh rules of our lives again let us try.

The Old Year is going, and sad is our heart;
With work but half finished, we from it must part.
The New Year is coming, again we will pray
We may round off each task as God gives the day.

The Old Year is going, God wipe off the wrong
That to each one's heart does most surely belong!
The New Year is coming, God speed on the right,
And flood our poor souls with his all-cleansing light!

The Old Year is going, farewell to our friend!
Grand was thy coming, and most calm is thy end.
The New Year comes quickly, we hope for the best!
We'll do all we can, and trust God for the rest.

A SICK PERSON'S PRAYER.

LORD, cure me by thy healing hand;
  Thy gracious aid bring near;
And all my pains wilt thou command
  At once to disappear!

Spare thou my life for many years;
  All weakness take away;
Anoint my hopes, dismiss my fears;
  Thy holy power display!

And when I shall again get well,
  And feel my strength return,
All foolish doubts wilt thou dispel;
  Let faith within me burn!

Refresh my heart, and bless my will,
  And make me wholly Thine;
And daily on my soul distil
  Thy holy dew, divine!

And thus through sickness make me strong
  In body, soul and mind;
For unto thee does grace belong,
  And thou art always kind!

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

[ELEN CURTIS BRADLEE, JACOB WELD SEAVER, and SUSAN SEAVER,
eived baptism at the hands of REV. E. E. HALE, Dec. 25th, 1875.
'he following Hymn was written in commemoration of the event.

O GOD, on this, a holy day,
  Dear ones to Thee we give;
Be thou their guide, and staff, and stay,
  Whilst they on earth shall live.

Their steps attend, their way defend,
  And cover them with light:
And may thy love in peace descend,
  And glorify their sight.

Christ's chosen ones, O may they prove,
  And let them comfort all;
And in their lives thy spirit move,
  And grace upon them fall.

May near and dear ones, now with Thee,
  Be angels at their side;
Watching their souls by thy decree,
  And ever near abide.

And when their earthly race is run,
  And life below shall cease,
O, with the Father and the Son,
  Grant them eternal peace!

TO KING HUMBERT, OF ITALY.

After the Death of Victor Immanuel.

All hail, King Humbert, to the royal throne;
Grief that through tears, the mighty place you've won;
Joy for the splendid power that now you wield,
Whilst on a bier we place our loving shield!

Great work and glorious you have to do,
Grand powers are given sovereigns brave and true.
Long may thy reign be, ever strong and wise,
Late be the day that calls thee to the skies.

From many souls do earnest prayers ascend,
That noblest blessings may thy steps attend.
"God bless the King and Queen," do many crave,
And daily all their steps from danger save.

POEM.

We have but one Leader, Christ Jesus, the Lord,
We'll join in his praises with gracious accord;
May all Churches love the one Guide to proclaim,
And write on their banners the Saviour's blest name.

With Jesus as Leader, Defender, and Guide,
The other great doctrines we will not decide;
But we'll leave to each Church its own special plea,
And each one shall speak it as each one shall see.

We'll all look to Heaven as a right blessed home,
We'll all do our best whilst on earth we shall roam;
We'll love one another forever and aye;
And "God bless all Churches" we daily will pray.

POEMS

BY

C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, DORCHESTER DISTRICT,
BOSTON, MASS.

THIRD SERIES.

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564 Washington Street.

DEDICATED

TO MY FRIEND AND PHYSICIAN,

DR. GEORGE S. HYDE.

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POEMS.

DR. GEORGE S. HYDE.

ALWAYS ready, at night, or day, for rich, or poor,
With equal haste at palace-hall, or cabin-door,
With help for all;
All wise and thoughtful, and generous, true and kind,
And calm and patient, and with a well balanced mind,
He makes his call.

Modest in all his ways, and ever slow to speak,
His words with mighty comfort on the ear do break,
With blessed power!
Ever careful to watch, and glad all hope to give,
He surely helps the sick ones to revive and live,
With health as dower!

Long may he bless and comfort weary ones below,
And every day his gracious healing help bestow,
And give all peace!
And when at last his gentle work on earth is done,
And all success is his, most nobly, grandly won,
May joy increase!

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. MARIA HYDE.

June 27th.

1796. *85.* *1881.*

And now in Heaven thy birthdays come!
We below, in a shattered home,
Still think of thee!
We know thou art not far away,
That ever near us thou wilt stay,
By God's decree.

We see this hour thy pleasant face,
And ever hallowed is the place
Where thou hast trod!
The chair you filled, the room you kept,
Your place by day, and where you slept,
All blest by God!

Your voice is with us all the time,
With loving grace, a holy chime
That fills the heart.
You cannot fade away from sight,
For in the soul you stand by right,
A daily chart.

Your many words of counsel wise,
In lonely hours, will oft surprise,
With mighty power!
So that the clouds do clear away,
And in our hearts there comes a stay,
A mighty dower!

And so we, on this birthday thine,
Do with great gratitude incline
To speak thy praise!
We hail thee with a holy love,
We leave thee with our God above,
And tribute raise!

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

O God, Thy blessing wilt Thou send
To all now gathered here;
Our faith increase, our souls defend,
Thyself to us endear.

To words we speak, and hymns we sing,
Grant thou a sacred power;
And wilt Thou gracious cleansing bring,
At this most holy hour.

May all the Churches, now as one,
Hold the dear Master's hand;
And lose their name, in Christ the Son,
By Thy supreme command.

Thus make our worship sweet and strong,
All clear, and true, and sound,
And round this place let angels throng,
And make it holy ground.

GO WITH US, LORD.

Go with us, Lord, help us to go,
The path of life thyself dost know.
O keep us right, point out the way,
And lead us, step by step, each day.

We are faint, if we go alone,
Our hearts are cold and turned to stone;
O touch our hearts, and light thy fire,
Our thoughts and aims, each hour, inspire.

With thee, as guide, we cannot fall;
No pains can hurt, no fears enthrall;
And all our work will grandly shine,
When all our souls are surely thine.

A CALL TO WORSHIP.

LET all come to God with thanksgiving to-day,
Full of deep gratitude, earnestly pray,
And think of the gifts most abundantly given,
That should bless us on earth, and lead us to heaven.

Let penitence rise in a rich, holy stream,
An asking of God our souls to redeem;
Contrition most deep, and a sorrow most grand,
And a longing to grasp the Savior's blest hand.

An asking for light, with a joy in the heart,
A seeking for grace that God can impart,
An earnest beseeching for God us to lead,
In the hour of all joy, the time of great need.

May we thus, praying to our God in the sky,
Feel His loving Spirit come from on high,
And thus may our lives be uplifted and blest,
And all through our souls come a peace and a rest.

ELIZA GOULD WELD.

FAREWELL to thee, thou dearest one;
How can we let thee go?
Yet thou hast heard the grand "well done,"
Where living fountains flow.

The blow is hard and quick and sharp,
We hardly think it true!
Yet now thou hast an "angel's harp,"
With garments white and new.

O tell us how to bear the blow,
Help us to take the rod;
And teach us all to feel and know
That thou art safe with God.

Send music from the other shore
  In strains all sweet and soft;
And teach us now, and evermore,
  To look for peace, aloft!

And may our God in mercy send
  Thine angel spirit here,
To watch us all, unto the end,
  And keep away our fear.

THE WORDS OF A DYING CHRISTIAN.

I'M waiting for the call to come,
  And for a voice to say
Mount, weary pilgrim, to your home,
  I'll change your night to day!

I'm waiting for my pains to cease,
  And all my doubts to end;
Almighty God, my faith increase,
  Enlarge, enrich, defend!

I'm waiting, fearing not to wait,
  And watching all the time;
Knowing God's hour is never late,
  God's home, a blessed clime.

I'm waiting, loving, and praying,
  And free, I am, from fear;
Only a few days I'm staying;
  The hour of death is near.

I'm waiting, God tells me to keep
  Waiting unto the end,
Till He shall send a holy sleep,
  And speak the word, Ascend!

MRS. MARIA STOCKWELL.

1809. *72.* *1881.*

For May 14th.

WELCOME, friend, on this day, so grand,
  So filled with peace and love,
And may the mighty God command
  His blessings from above.

Two years more than the promised time
  You've dwelt with us on earth,
And angels choice from God's own clime
  Have watched you from your birth.

You've had your trials, tears have come,
  And sad at times your heart,
Dear ones have vanished from your home!
  But God did grace impart.

Your joys have many been, and bright,
  Large numbers call you blest,
And we all, with a sweet delight,
  Have watched your hours of rest.

And now for future days we crave
  The mighty God to bless,
Your soul to guide, and keep, and save,
  By truth, and righteousness.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE lofty mountains lift their heads sublime,
And send their music with a holy chime
Unto the Heavens that arch them from above,
And bless them ever with a gracious love!
The valleys, too, reclining at their base,
And gazing at them with a touching grace,
With beauty smile, as if in keen delight
They felt the glory of the lovely sight!
The rocks, stern, grave, and rugged in their power
Seem willing, too, to bring their sacred dower
Of peace and strength, of splendid might and truth,
Of old age, crowned with everlasting youth!
The waters, too, cascades and ponds, and brooks,
Preach startling sermons by their pleasant looks.
And strangers gathered from many a home,
Who've felt the mystic spell that bade them come,
Bow gravely low at sights so grand to see,
And lift their humble thanks, O God, to Thee!

25th Anniversary of the Marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. ALLEN.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there stood
Before the priest, in gentle mood,
Two waiting hearts!
They longed the path of life to tread,
And by the holy grace be led,
That God imparts.

They knew not what might cross their lot,
But each place was a blessèd spot
If both were there!
They feared not any cross to take,
Nor any hardened road to break,
If two did share!

And thus all thorns did change to flowers,
And fruits did leap from heavy showers,
And joy did come!
Love sweetest incense sent a power,
And grandly glorified each hour,
And blessed their home!

This night they celebrate the time,
And with the hearts' melodious chime
Review the past!
And then they look ahead in love,
And crave, O God, from thee above,
Their peace may last.

O bless them both whilst waiting here,
And fill them with thy sacred cheer,
This festive night!
And let us all rejoice indeed,
That thou hast now from Heaven decreed
This gracious sight.

MARY SEAVER.

SWEET and gentle, truthful and pure,
Were all thy days on earth;
Thou didst the love of all secure,
From thy earliest birth.

And thou wert with us all the time,
Giving us peace and light;
Unto each soul a holy chime
That made the days all bright.

How can we part so soon below,
And give thee up to God;
And have our lives so filled with woe,
And bear the heavy rod?

God teach us how, and lift above
These broken hearts of ours,
And give us grace and healing love
In these dark, troubled hours.

SPRING.

THE Spring has come, the blessèd Spring,
With secrets rich and deep;
Glad tidings does it ever bring,
Grand truths for all to keep.

The Spring has come, the blessèd Spring,
And all around is birth!
Whilst nature seems with joy to ring
About the fruitful earth.

The Spring has come, the blessèd Spring,
Our hearts with praise are glad;
We'll fly, like birds, with speedy wing,
From all things sharp and sad.

SUMMER.

SUMMER has come! praise be to God,
For the blushing flowers!
Because the earth has felt his rod,
And sanctified the hours.

Summer has come! all things are filled
With beauty and delight;
The perfumed air is grandly thrilled
By the glorious sight.

Summer has come! a holy light
  Attends its blessèd way,
And all the world seems new and bright,
  Each hour, and day by day.

Summer has come! our hearts are glad,
  We cannot murmur more;
But all our thoughts, with faith fresh clad,
  Shall wonder and adore.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN is here! let us rejoice!
  It comes with gifts of love;
All nature has a fruitful voice
  That speaks of God above.

The trees, they shine! the vines, they sing!
  The ivy climbs the wall!
The orchards grateful tribute bring
  Enough for each and all!

The earth appears quite full of peace!
  The sheaves are gathered in!
The barns are full, a great increase
  God grants us all to win.

O may there be an Autumn time,
  At no great distant day,
When truth all sweet and all sublime
  Shall find its perfect sway.

WINTER.

STERN Winter bids us all good cheer,
  With snowy robes so light,
A priest it stands before us here,
  A priest all pure and bright.

With heavy winds the air is filled,
  And ice and cold are here,
And all the world seems greatly chilled,
  And all things look austere.

Yet all this cold God sends for good,
  He blesses nature's sleep,
And thus prepares our daily food,
  By science true and deep.

We'll trust Him, then, whate'er may be,
  Whilst storms may rage at will!
In all things mighty love we'll see,
  And keep serenely still.

LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY,

West Dedham.

1831. *June 1st.* *1881.*

FIFTY years ago! long the time,
When unto a few hearts there came
With mighty power, from Heaven's own clime,
A wondrous, gentle, holy flame.

A flame of pity, peace, and love,
Of charity, and kindness too,
A wish crowned by the God above,
Some gracious act in faith to do.

The one who lit the torch* has found
A home with God, a joyous rest,
Now walks on consecrated ground,
And chants her praises with the blest.

Fifty joined first the noble band,
And tried their light on hearts to spread;
Right noble was their work, and grand,
But all but nine are with the dead.

And now that fifty years are past,
Twenty-five Ladies stand on guard,
Their gentle hearts on mercy cast,
Their love wise, true, deep, rich, and broad.

* Mrs. WHITE.

Their jubilee they offer now,
  With eyes cast back, and looking up!
To thee, O God, they pay their vow;
  Bless thou their lives, fill thou their cup.

O hosts of saints from Heaven look down,
  Whose earthly lives were grandly cheered
By those who now the past would crown,
  A past by many hearts revered.

God help us one and all to-day,
  God lead us gently life along,
And keep us in His care alway,
  And let us all to Him belong.

GEORGE F. WELD.

Ob. October 20th, 1875.

AGAIN we hear the voice of God,
  Another friend has gone,
How great and sharp and strong the rod,
  As mortal work is done!

Home of the past, most gone to-day,
  But one remains to weep!
O may she be allowed to stay,
  So many are asleep.

The wife for many loving years,
  Left all alone to pray,
Turns unto thee, O God, in tears!
  Be thou her light and stay.

Children weep at the fresh made grave,
  Sister bereaved, bends low;
Grandchildren call on God to save,
  On God who sent the blow.

All, all, O God, for grace and peace,
  Now to thy presence come!
And in their grief, their faith increase,
  Light up their broken home.

A SAD SCENE.

I visited Mrs Maria Hyde, on Wednesday evening, October 13th, 1880, and was with her from 7½ to 9. Before morning she passed to God. The following words will partially describe the sad scene.

I GAZED in love upon her face;
  She had not long to stay,
For earth was not her dwelling place,
  And she was called away.

Quite trustingly she seemed to rest,
  And gently heaved her breath;
Like as the sun sleeps in the west,
  A robe of light in death.

And all around the dear ones were,
  Expecting the dread time
When God would strike the bell for her,
  And raise her to his clime.

With grief and trust we looked to God
  For help, and love, and light,
That we might humbly bear the rod,
  And still believe it right.

And whilst we gazed in peace above
  From whence all grace is shed,
Then He, who is the God of love,
  His mantle round us spread.

For the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Marriage of Mr. and Mrs. BACON.

1849. *June 10, 1874.* *1874.*

O God, Thy children gathered here,
  In sacred thought would look
To the all holy day and year,
  Their holy pledge they took.

Bless Thou the one here with us now,*
  The shepherd, dear and true;
Whose words confirmed the marriage vow,
  That they, this night, renew.

* Rev. Dr. George Putnam, June 10, 1849.

More than a score of years have passed
  Since they were joined by Thee;
Whilst time, so holy, and so fast,
  Has blest their unity.

And now once more their love they give,
  And heart would join to heart;
O let them in thy presence live,
  And do thou grace impart!

And when the call to rise shall come,
  And earthly work shall cease;
Over thy ever sacred home
  Send Thou eternal peace.

REV. F. A. WHITNEY.

Ob. October 21st, 1880.

He's passed away from earth to Heaven;
An order from the Lord has given
    A gentle sleep!
He's found the peace of God above,
Been welcomed by a Savior's love;
    In faith we weep.

His life on earth was filled with peace;
His holy deeds did never cease
Till breath was gone!
He loved his Master's work to do;
With sacred zeal he did it too!
A work well done.

His words were sweet, his face was bright,
And round his face a blessèd light
Did ever shine!
A record sound and good he's left;
We'll say with joy, whilst so bereft,
O God, he's Thine!

Farewell, beloved, we'll meet again
Where grief is not, nor heavy pain,
Nor tears, nor loss!
Where all is clear, and true, and grand,
Where God by his all-wise command
Will crown the cross!

CHRISTMAS POEM.

HARK! I hear voices in the sky;
I see a star above;
I will not ask the reason why;
It is a sign of love.

"Glory to God! peace on the earth,
  Good will to men!" I hear;
Angels are speaking of a birth,
  To all our hearts most dear.

I am sure our dear Lord has come,
  A Savior for us all;
A holy gift from God's own home;
  And at his feet we'll fall!

The Lord has come to every soul,
  To all, the high and low;
O let the message onward roll,
  And grace and light bestow.

And then we'll have a deeper rest,
  And a more earnest love;
We all shall be most grandly blest
  With glory from above.

SAMUEL G. DRAKE.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Drake went to God, Monday, June 14, 1875, aged 77, only 3 days before the 17th of June, a day that he had so often consecrated by his writings, and the centennial anniversary of which he greatly desired to see.

Our God has taken from our sight
  One honored by us all;
And yet we know He had the right
  To send so sharp a call.

We would he could have seen the day
  For which his heart did yearn!
Yet may he now, a better way,
  Our splendid rites discern!

And looks he not with deeper light
  On history's sacred page,
And will he not with deeper sight,
  Behold this wondrous age?

Then let us see the gate moved back
  On the eternal shore;
The angel robe, the holy track,
  Of him we now deplore.

And let us catch the grand "Well-Done,"
  Said by the "Living Way!"
And let us know that joy is won,
  And night is turned to day.

A PETITION.

FATHER, our lives, by grace defend;
  To foolish fears bring speedy end;
And never let a murmur rise
  To thee, O God of earth and skies!

Thy way, and all thy deeds make plain;
  Teach us no blow is sent in vain;
Roll back the cloud that hides thy face;
  Reveal thyself in every place.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Joys have been yours, all rich and grand,
And angels sure, a holy band,
Quite near!
The Father, too, in love has given
His guiding spirit right from Heaven,
All clear.

God bless you, then, this sacred hour,
And fill you with his love and power,
And grace!
And keep you ever calm and still,
Prepared to see, when He shall will,
His face.

CHARLES U. COTTING.

May 13th.

1831. *50.* *1881.*

FIFTY years; ah, how long they seem,
Yet quickly passed away,
And all the years are like a dream,
And but a transient day!

And yet, my friend, you've left your name
Engraved on every heart,
And spread abroad a noble fame,
That never can depart.

NIGHT.

THE night has come, the light has fled,
  The stars above us shine;
And while we sleep, and sense is dead,
  Save us, O God divine.

Why need we fear, sustained by thee
  Who art forever true;
And wilt thou, as we bend the knee,
  Thy love and grace renew?

Forgive the sins this day we've done,
  Thy sacred help concede,
And wilt thou, O most holy one,
  Be with us in our need?

And when the night of death is sent,
  And work is done below,
And all our earthly power is spent,
  Eternal blessings show.

ETERNAL LIFE.

WE shall live again! O how true
  That all will live once more!
And in a world most grandly new
  Will worship and adore.

Life again! yes, with God, the King,
  Who takes us from this earth
That he may greater blessings bring
  At our eternal birth.

Live again! yes, with Christ, so dear,
  Who taught the splendid truth,
And made the fact so very clear,
  Of an immortal youth.

Live again! yes, with dear ones gone
  So far from mortal sight!
Live where all hearts shall be like one,
  Where all is blessèd light.

Thanks, O God, for this holy peace,
  This greatest gift of thine,
That whilst our earthly part must cease,
  As angels we shall shine.

MORNING.

THE light has come, the sun is here,
  Again must work begin;
And may we all, with love and fear,
  God's holy favor win.

And let us seek a sacred guide
  To keep all wrong away,
And ask for Jesus at our side
  Throughout this unknown day.

God knows alone what lot is ours,
  What trials are at hand!
And he will guide in coming hours,
  And all our ways command.

REVIVAL.

REVIVE our drooping hearts, O God,
  Give us a lasting peace,
And let us feel thy "Staff and Rod,"
  Till gloomy fears shall cease.

Awake within our souls the sense
  Of shame, and loss, and sin;
And then this gracious power dispense,
  That all new birth may win.

Now at the "Cross" thy children fall,
  With Jesus crucified;
And, in his name, as "All in All,"
  They would their trust confide.

Pardon, they cry, great God, above,
  Pardon, through Christ, the Son;
Cleanse all thy children by thy love,
  Through him the "Chosen One."

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

In the stillness of the night,
In the solemn stillness too,
When the moon is shining bright,
And we all must sleep, not do;

Then a careful love looks down,
Blessing all that take their rest,
O'er the city, and o'er town;
Orders each one's lot the best.

Some receive an earnest call;
To their souls, a voice says "Come!"
Seeming death on flesh will fall,
But the soul is carried home.

Others are kept calm and still,
And await the sunlight clear;
Then refreshed in soul and will,
Rise and greet the duties near.

REV. WILLIAM P. TILDEN.

May 9th.

1811. *70.* *1881.*

We greet you, friend, this holy day,
And many honors do we pray
On you may fall!
Seventy years are yours by right,
Yet still you're young, and strong, and bright,
A solid wall.

And many hearts your words have blest
With peace, and strength, and sacred rest,
And mighty joy!
And many now rise up and say,
Your love has lighted all their way
Without alloy.

The young are glad to see your face,
So full of wisdom and of grace
And peace and power!
And aged ones look up to thee,
And in your words a life do see,
Each day and hour!

Accept our wishes that we give,
That you a long time yet may live,
And bless the earth!
And when the bells of heaven shall ring
And unto you a summons bring,
God bless that birth!

Written for the Installation of
REV. GEORGE W. GREEN.

AFRESH thy charge of souls take up,
  Again thy work renew;
The bread, O break; pour out the cup,
  Thy chosen call pursue.

Once more to other ears proclaim
  The truths so dear to all;
The beaten oil, in Jesus' name,
  On waiting souls let fall.

From those once yours, do prayers arise,
  For blessings on your way;
That all your thoughts be true, and wise,
  Each hour, and day by day.

Go forth, then, strengthened by the past,
  And cheered in days to come!
God grant this tie may ever last
  Till He shall call you home.

THE ETERNAL PRESENCE OF GOD.

O LORD, when we shall question in our heart,
Whether thou wilt stay with us, or depart,
Then let us hear our dear Redeemer say,
"Lo, I am with you always," day by day.

Teach us we are watched by thy gracious eye,
That thou wilt surely hear the faintest cry,
That round us all is a sustaining arm,
And that nothing ever can do us harm.

And let us know that all our trials sent,
Are but gifts dispensed, by thy mercy lent,
And as we shall keep our hearts calm and still,
So grandly shall we meet our Father's will.

And when life's stormy battles all are fought,
And to life's end thy children shall be brought,
O then withdraw the curtain from above,
And bless us all by thy forgiving love.

Written for the Ordination of
REV. ALFRED MANCHESTER.

THY servant, at the temple gate,
O God, with fear and love,
And anxious thoughts will ever wait
Thy blessing from above.

O let him always speak the truth
With gentleness and grace;
And teach him how, in manhood's youth,
To run the Christian's race.

May many souls by him find life,
  And grace, and truth, and rest;
And thus in each and every strife,
  May all by thee be blest.

Let Jesus reign triumphant here,
  And teacher and the flock
In a communion sweet and dear,
  Cling to that mighty "Rock."

For then the day of growth will come,
  And souls will wake to peace,
And in the ever blessèd home
  God's love will never cease.

A PRAYER.

LORD of life and light,
Fount of truth and right,
    Guide us to-day!
Give us strength and love,
Send from Heaven above
    A kindling ray!

Lord of peace and grace,
Show to us thy face,
    And make us thine!
Take our sins away;
Change our night to day,
    O God, divine.

Hear, O hear our prayer,
Ever wilt thou spare
Our souls from death!
When our work is done,
O, through Christ, the Son,
Receive our breath.

RESIGNATION.

WHATE'ER thy holy will sees best,
O God, that will is mine!
In thee, I find my constant rest
And join my heart to thine.

I know not what the coming day
May bring of light or shade;
Whate'er may be my future way,
I shall not be afraid.

COMMUNION HYMN.

WE gather round thy table, Lord,
As thou didst clearly bid of old;
We love so well thy holy word,
We would be counted in thy fold;
Would ever to thy spirit turn,
And feel thy presence in us burn.

Eat we the bread, or take the cup,
We all would think of our dear Lord;
We all would joyfully look up,
And tenderly his love record.
O mighty God, each soul now bless,
Our Lord! our Strength! our Righteousness!

MEMORIAL HYMN.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

Tune of America.

Of dear ones true we sing,
Who died our peace to bring,
And save the land!
Land to our souls most dear,
Land freed from pride and fear,
Unto all hearts so near,
By God's command.

We praise, this day, the brave
Who did the union save,
And give us light!
We like their names to tell,
Names that we love so well,
That leave a holy spell,
Quite sweet and bright.

We spread abroad our song,
As memories round us throng
Of those we love!
Those who gave up their life,
And mingled in the strife,
And were in courage rife,
Now gone above.

O God, our loved ones keep,
Whilst we on earth do weep,
And miss their face!
Keep them in glory sound,
Keep them on holy ground,
Let all the angels round
Thy mercy trace.

REV. ELIAS NASON.

1811. *April 21st.* *1881.*

70.

GREETINGS I send, this day so grand,
Gladly I take your outstretched hand;
All hail, my friend!
God's promised years you've lived! a past
All filled with deeds that long will last,
That have no end.

What hearts you've cheered, what souls you've blest,
By words of thine so full of rest,
And truth, and power!
And kindly too you've crowned the dead,
By truths of love we all have read,
A gracious dower!

The pulpit, and the platform too,
Have shown what noble work you do,
With voice so sweet!
Inspired by Heaven you've spent your years,
All full of zeal, all freed from fears,
At Jesus' feet.

FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY.

1812. *May 17th.* *1881.*

69.

AGAIN we greet you, cherished friend,
Unto whom the dear Lord has given
Another year in time to spend,
And health renewed by grace from Heaven.

And glad we are to find you still
At home, abroad, and day by day,
So full of love, the same kind will,
With words of cheer the heart to stay.

Long, long, God grant the hour may be
Ere angels ring the bell above,
And a summons shall come to thee,
A death, a life, ordained by love.

But when the time must truly come,
And earthly scenes and cares shall end,
And there shall be another home,
May God your soul by grace defend!

DR. GEORGE S. HYDE.

1831. *June 29th.* *1881.*

My friend, all hail, this blessèd hour,
We greet you with a sacred power,
We wish you well this happy day,
Our joyous eyes our love betray.

For many years on earth you've seen,
And kept your heart both strong and clean,
And made your days with wisdom rife,
And grandly crowned your blessèd life.

O would that one* above could see
This day our welcome jubilee,
And greet her son this holy time,
And bring him wreaths from God's own clime.

* Mrs. Maria Hyde.

She sees, she knows, she really speaks,
A spirit voice upon us breaks,
And round us all there comes a calm,
A holy peace, a healing balm.

A band above, a band below,
A gracious love do now bestow,
And one we are with Heaven and earth,
As greet we all this day of birth.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

O MAY we listen for the mighty One
Who speaks in tones of love through Christ the Son,
And all through nature, and by each one's heart,
Does a quickening life each hour impart.

The soul must find Almighty God in Him,
The most perfect image that ne'er grows dim;
The gentle voice that teaches, all the time,
The rules and blessings of the Father's clime.

And in nature's beauties and glories grand,
Should each one detect the eternal hand,
And clearly know that skies, and land, and sea,
Will bring us up to God, on bended knee.

So, in the heart, a temple should be laid,
Adorned with faith, in hope and peace arrayed,
Where God shall love to come each week and day,
To bless each thought, and light each clouded way.

Almighty God, by thine eternal power,
In every way send grace, a blessèd shower;
Great troops of angels from thy Heaven send down,
To guide our ways, and lead us to a crown!

PROPHETIC VOICES.

I HEAR sweet voices speaking from above,
That tell in triumph of the reign of love,
Of coming days when sin and shame shall end,
And all things unto perfect bliss will tend.
When each child of God, in his own best way,
Will find the light of an eternal day;
And all be gems in grand mosaic found,
And hearts spring upward with a holy bound;
Whilst a "New Jerusalem" here below,
God will, to waiting souls, with grace bestow;
A second coming of the Lord most grand,
When all the world will be a "Holy Land."
God grant these voices about better times,
That bring us hope from the angelic climes,
May be but holy truths seen in advance,
A future here, by a transfigured glance.

COME TO GOD.

O COME to God to-day,
  And wait not till the night,
Whilst never may you want to stray
  From all things true and right.

O come to God to-day,
  To him give all your heart,
And may his precepts be your stay,
  Your guide, your light, your chart.

O come to God to-day,
  Before Him prostrate fall;
For Christ, the life, the truth, the way,
  Invites us one and all.

O come to God to-day;
  And then when life is past,
And all that's mortal shall decay,
  True bliss shall come at last.

SUNDAY.

A DAY of worship and of rest,
When thoughts the wisest, truest, best,
    Must grace each hour!
When thanks for many favors given,
Should rise with joy, to God in heaven,
    With mighty power.

When penitence most deep and true,
Should bless, and hallow, and renew,
    Our better will!
And resolutions clear and bright,
Keep each one holy in God's sight,
    And calm and still.

When adoration strong and grand,
Should all our highest strength demand,
    And light a flame
Of joy and trust, of peace and love,
That moves the saints below, above,
    Adore God's name.

Then every Sunday that shall come
Will bring us nearer to God's home,
    And send us peace!
By and by, in a Temple great,
With better praise on God we'll wait,
    When life shall cease.

A SUPPLICATION.

O THOU, in whose eternal name
The Prophets and the Master came,
    To thee we pray!
Light up within a sacred fire,
Receive the heart's most warm desire
    To praise this day.

Let every stain from us depart,
Renew and cleanse our waiting heart
With grace from heaven!
And let us all, in thee secure,
Have souls inspired, made white, and pure,
Each sin forgiven.

We know from God all power must be,
Through Jesus Christ, by wise decree,
Our Lord and King!
Save us, O God, through him, the Lord;
May we on earth his claims record,
His praises sing.

And when thou shalt the trumpet sound,
And call us all from mortal ground
To Heaven above!
O let thy Son our souls reclaim,
And wipe them clean from sin and shame,
By thy great love.

FAST DAY.

We'll keep a fast, O Lord, this day,
And all our hearts to thee shall say,
We've sinned indeed!
We have no plea, no single word,
But all our faults this day record;
Help us with speed.

Forgive us each and all this hour,
Let mercy, in a gracious shower,
O'erflow the heart!
Wipe off the past, all clean and sure,
And make the children white and pure,—
Thy grace impart.

O help us through all coming time
By breezes from the holy clime,
And hold us up!
If pains should meet us on the way,
O give us strength, from day to day,
To drink the cup.

And when the end, by grace, shall come,
And thou shalt wish to call us home,
O give us peace!
And gladly let us rise above,
All shielded by thy mighty love;
Our faith increase.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

For the Lots of Mrs. Charles J. Bowen, and Mr. John J. Hunneman.

GATHERED at this most sacred ground,
O Lord, thy peace we crave,
And in our hearts may there be found
The grace of God to save.

We miss a voice, we feel a loss,
  Our homes look empty now,
And all the time we bear the cross,
  Dear Father teach us how!

O teach us to give up our will,
  To yield our all to Thee;
Let Jesus say, his "Peace, be still,"
  Then we thy love shall see.

That love it was that sent a blow,
  And it will heal all pain!
And it shall teach us how to know
  The dear ones once again.

Dedicated to their R. Ms., the King and Queen of Spain, Alfonso and Christine, in honor of the Royal Princess.

All hail to the

ROYAL PRINCESS,

The ever honored child of their R.Ms., Alphonso and Christine, the King and Queen of Spain.

A ROYAL babe, the gift of all gracious Heaven,
Has unto two loving hearts been grandly given,
And to all Spain there has come a light and grace,
Received with holy joy by that ancient race!
And with all around, the royal princess's name
Has met applause, and found a most wondrous fame.

And those far off, where no king is ever known,
Salute with a great gladness, the Spanish throne;
And they offer up to God an earnest prayer,
That He would watch this child with a special care!
Make her, they say, a glorious star on earth,
Bright, sparkling and holy, every day from birth,
Loved and prized by all, and worthy of that love,
An ever gracious sign from the world above,
Of peace, help and strength, of grace, and truth, and rest,
And in all hearts forever, an honored guest.

This poem was sent to the King and Queen of Spain, September 13th, 1880, and special thanks were sent to Boston from the King and Queen, and were received June 16th, 1881.

A PRAYER.

GREAT God and King,
Our prayers we bring
This day!
O give us light,
And inward sight,
Alway!

With trust and love,
We look above,
For grace!
Thy peace impart,
And show the heart
Thy face!

O leave us not
By Heaven forgot,
In tears!
But guide us well,
At once dispel
Our fears.

JOSEPH DIX.

In the dark hours of night there came
A voice from God above!
The angel of death called the name
Of one we all did love.

We'll miss him much, as day by day
We want to see his face,
And have his voice to cheer our way
With mighty peace and grace.

His kindly deeds no more below
Will bring the needy light,
And peace on broken hearts bestow,
And spread abroad delight.

But all he's done that's bright and true
Can never disappear,
And will in time rise up to view,
And be to memory dear.

Farewell, our friend, 'tis hard to part,
  But we shall meet once more;
Again will heart be joined to heart,
  On the eternal shore.

For the 101st Birthday of Mrs. HEWES.

1778. *1879.*

ONE hundred and one! great the sound!
So many years our friend has found
  Here on the earth.
Strange the wonders, and long the time,
Mighty changes throughout this clime,
  All since her birth.

Many truths she might tell us all,
And startling things this day recall,
  In memory clear.
The "whipping post" was once in view,
Both sexes were the victims too;
  And she was near!

The little school, the old "red house,"
The hard-board seats, the gay carouse,
  'Mongst children dear!
Those words, so strict, and loud, and sharp,
On which the teacher's voice did harp,
  "Attention here."

The Church where pastor, short and stout,
Tried hard to lift the people out
From dangers great!
Preached fire, and smoke, and pains severe,
For those who did not truth revere,
As he should state.

So many quaint and homely ways,
The common fashion of those days,
Years, years gone by!
She now could publish to our sight,
And fill us all with strange delight,
Or wake a sigh.

But, *who of us* shall live to see
E'en the half of a century,
While here below?
Who then will have a clearer eye,
The mind and soul a grand blue sky,
Like her, we know.

CHURCH AT WEST ACTON.

1859. *22.* *1881.*

TWENTY-TWO years ago this day,
When peace and truth had gracious sway,
And hearts were warm!
Did loving souls a Church upraise,
The "God of love" in trust to praise,
Without alarm!

They wanted all the world to tell
That God did watch his children well,
Each soul would keep!
And Heaven and earth they would bring near,
And make Almighty goodness clear,
That none might weep.

Glory to God for truths so grand,
So guarded by a faithful band,
And sweetly shown!
For thus have hundreds found the light,
And had their paths made clear and bright,
And holy grown!

A POEM

Sent to Dr. J. Henry Davenport, in answer to a note received from him.

O yes, my friend, I 'm truly glad,
If, to a soul that's sometimes sad,
I 've brought a light!
But God alone the power did send,
To mortal lips the words did lend,
That brought delight.

May coming days be filled with peace,
And faith, and love, and joy increase,
Whatc'er betide!
May angel bands surround your heart,
And mighty strength and grace impart,
And long abide.

All shall be well, for God will bless
You, day by day, with righteousness,
And calm each fear!
And you He 'll give a work to do
That's ever grand, and sweet, and new,
And bright and clear.

MADAM FRIENDLY.

1833. *45.* *1878.*

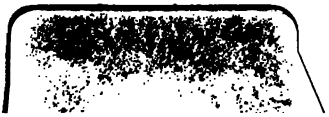
MADAM FRIENDLY greets you this night
With hearty, holy cheer;
And thinks it is a pleasant sight
To see you gathered here.

Forty-five years ago to-day,
She first began to be,
And ever since she 's found the way
To hallow poverty.

Like One of old, she 's gone around,
  A light, a peace, a grace,
And where she 's trod was holy ground,
  And blessed every place.

Afflicted ones have felt her care,
  And now would bless her name,
And in her praises here would share
  With loud and strong acclaim.

And hosts of saints from Heaven look down,
  Whose earthly pains she shared,
And on her brow they place a crown;
  Great honors are declared.

Madam Friendly is but a word
  For ladies good and true,
Filled with the spirit of their Lord,
  In all they think and do!

God bless this band, so full of love,
  So kind, so wise, so good,
Light up their souls from Heaven above,
  And give them angel's food.